The Tell-Tale Letter

By GEORGE ELMER COBB

"Tell her right out like a man that you love her, Hoyt."

"I can't do it."

"Why not?"

"She might think me daring. She might laugh at me. I never have a chance to be alone with her. No, I'll write."

Dale Bright placed an affectionate hand on the shoulder of his friend, Marvin Hoyt, but smiled quizzically.

"Hoyt," he said, "you're a good fellow, pure gold all of the time and all the way through. The matter is though that you underestimate yourself. Miss Eva Walters is a most charming young lady, but if she turns you down it will be because she isn't worthy of you, for a more deserving fellow I don't know. Write, if you think best, only get through with this dilly-dallying, for you're getting sallow and peaked worrying over it."

Hoyt was one of those young men having so profound a reverence for womanhood that he shrank at the thought of intruding his views upon the especial one of the sex who had won his heart. He really believed that if his suit was denied he would die forthwith of heartbreak. His shyness and, as Bright had said, his low valuation of his own merits, had kept him in the background with pretty Eva Walters for over a year. Now the indecision was becoming unbearable, and he determined to break the ice in some way.

So Hoyt went to his lonely room and wrote the letter that was to solve his fate. He placed it in an envelope,

Stole In and Out Among the Shrubbery.

sealed it and at dusk started for the home of his beloved.

Hoyt entered the front yard, but hesitated. Then he summoned up his courage and advanced up the steps and onto the porch. The front door was open. Looking through the screen he had a view of the dining room. He recoiled as there echoed a burst of merry laughter, as he noticed three or four girl friends of Eva seated at the evening meal. That was enough for Hoyt. He was loath to face so many. He nervously drew the letter from his pocket. He pulled up the slot cover of the mail box and dropped the missive within it. Then he stole down the steps, feeling the coward, but also realizing that a long contemplated deed was over and done with.

"She'll get it in the morning at the latest," he soliloquized, as he left the place. 'She'll answer tomorrow. My! It's a strain—the suspense. Wonder if I've done the right thing?"

Hoyt went home. Over and over in his mind ran all the pros and cons of the incident. He went to bed finally to go over them again with alternate fear, hope, faith, doubt, gloom, brightness. He could not sleep. His worked-up mind had lost its balance. Now its rational processes weakened. He saw in the writing of the letter an amazing piece of effrontery. He was in a wild perspiration through anxiety. He marveled how he had ever had the audacity to leave that letter.

"I'll get it back. It's the wrong way. I've made a dreadful mistake!" he fumed and fussed, and he got up and dressed himself.

The disordered light in which Hoyt now viewed the circumstances made him eagerly anxious to recover the letter. He hurried along the silent streets, almost utterly deserted. As he neared a vacant lot next to the home of Eva he dodged from bush to bush.

As he stole in and out among the shrubbery on the side lawn of the house he stumbled over a bundle lying on the ground with a force that sent it hurtling in among some thick shrubs out of sight.

"A bundle of washing," he decided, and paid no more attention to it except to recognize that the bundle had something hard wrapped up inside of it. "Clothespins, I suppose," he soliloquized. "Now for the letter box and the letter itself. I shall feel relieved when I get it back in my possession once more. Eva would just have laughed at me. I'll stop making a ninny of myself. She'd never have me."

Hoyt ascended the steps and reached the letter box. He strove to lift its cover. It was in vain.

"Locked!" he muttered. "Letter still in? Yes. That's lucky," for, shifting the outside plate, he could see a white object beyond. "Well, I've just got to get back that letter! My combination tool knife—it's all right," and he drew the article from his pocket and opened its screwdriver blade.

"There's no other way," decided Hoyt, and he proceeded to unscrew top and bottom fastenings of the letter box. He would have to carry it away with him to break it open, but in his present desperate mood he heeded no destruction.

The box rattled as he stole down the steps. Hoyt uttered a low chuckle of exultation. Then suddenly two figures dashed from the shadows.

"He's a daring fellow, coming back a second time," spoke a gruff voice; "but we've got him!"

"Here, unhand me!" ordered Hoyt, struggling in the firm grip of two pairs of stout hands.

"You keep quiet, or I'll give you a stunner!" growled the other of his captors. "Jim, ring the bell and tell Mr. Walters we've found one of the burglars."

"Burglar? I'm no burglar!" shouted Hoyt. "What does all this mean?"

"What does that mean?" demanded his captor, kicking aside the mail box which Hoyt had dropped.

His comrade had rung the bell. In a few minutes Mr. Walters came to the door, his wife behind him, Eva a shrinking third, all in attire hurriedly donned.

"Mr. Walters," the man said, "we haven't got a clew to the men who broke in here nor the stuff they took, but we just got this fellow on the porch there, stealing your letter box; see!"

"Why!" exclaimed Eva, as the porch light was turned on, "it's Mr. Hoyt!"

"I declare!" exclaimed the astounded Mrs. Walters.

Just then Hoyt began to gather his wits, recognizing the two men as village officers. There had been a burglary earlier in the evening, it seemed, and he had come around at a moment when the officers were prowling in the vicinity.

"Why, here's a mystery," observed Mr. Walters, picking up the mail box. "I don't understand why Mr. Hoyt should steal a mail box. Ah, there's a letter in it."

"Yes, sir. It's mine. I—I left it by mistake, sir. Please restore it to me!"

"Left a letter?" echoed pretty Eva, coming forward.

"By mistake. It was one I wrote in an ill-advised moment. Regret. Kindly restore it. About the burglars—I just kicked some kind of a bundle in among the shrubbery yonder. Maybe the burglar dropped it."

"Why, look here!" cried one of the officers, securing the bundle and opening it. "A fur cape, some jewelry, some silver."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" exclaimed Mrs. Walters. "These are the things we most cared for."

"But the letter?" insisted the pertinacious Eva.

"I wrote it," admitted Hoyt, with reluctance.

"To whom?" challenged persistent Eva.

"To you, Miss Walters. Thank you, sir," as Mr. Walters, unlocking the box, extended the letter.

"No," demurred Eva, "it's mine. See: 'Miss Eva Walters'."

"You'll—you'll dislike me if you read it!" groaned Hoyt.

"How do you know that, sir?" demanded Eva.

Just then the embarrassed Hoyt ended the comedy of the night by retiring from the scene. He felt cheap, beaten, ridiculous, but the next day he received a dainty note from Eva which read:

"Mother wishes you to come to the house so she may thank you for your share in the recovery of her stolen treasures."

And when he went, Hoyt received an answer to his letter from the sweet lips of Eva that set his heart beating with delirious joy.

WAITER HAD HIM "SPOTTED"

Knew His Distinguished-Appearing Patron Was "Up Amongst De Face Cyards Somewhere."

There used to be a little restaurant in Washington famed for its southern breakfasts, where the chief waiter was an aged darky of beautiful manners and unshakable dignity.

One morning a rather severe appearing, elderly gentleman, with a snowy mustache and a keen eye, entered the establishment. He was a stranger, but the venerable waiter, after a quick survey of the new patron, felt no doubt. He approached with a napkin over his arm and bowed low and politely.

"Good mornin', gin'ral," he said, tentatively, in greeting.

"I am not a general," snapped back the customer.

"'Scuse me, admiral," cried the old negro. "What kin I bring you, suh?"

"I am not an admiral, either."

"Well, suh, I knowed you wuz up amongst de face cyards somewhere. Kin I have the pleasure of orderin' you some ham and waffles—bishop?"—Saturday Evening Post.

Muddled Thinking.

It would be foolish to say that a dynamo and an electric light are the same thing; that green apples is a term synonymous with indigestion; that an architect's plans are the same thing as a completed building; or that sex attraction is but another name for the social institution called the family. In the same way it is an evidence of muddled thinking to maintain that being good is the same thing as being religious.—Bernard I. Bell in Atlantic.

Mean Man.

"I hear that Laura's engagement to the young minister is off." "Why, yes, she told me. He was horribly jealous and so unfair." "In what way was he unfair?" "Every time she would make an engagement to go motoring with some other man he would pray for rain."

Nothing Doin'.

"Give me a cigar, boy," said the man with the Hughes brand of whiskers, as he approached the case. "Give me one that smokes free."

"Can't do it, mister," replied the boy. "We haven't a cigar in the place that smokes for less than 5 cents. See?"

A Good Time?

People are always being misunderstood; especially the man whose idea of showing a friend a good time is to take him out in a racing car and hand him the scare of his life.

Life in Modern Athens

ROYAL PALACE AND CONSTITUTION SQUARE

AGAINST a background of crumbling but magnificent marble temples, of massive aqueducts, of extensive amphitheaters, it is easy to project the ties of sentiment which bind the life of the Greek of today to that of the classic worthies from whom he claims direct descent, according to a communication addressed to the National Geographic society by George Higgins Moses, formerly United States ambassador to Greece. Mr. Moses in his graphic picture of the Athens of today and of the modern citizens of the city which reached the pinnacle of its greatness in the days of Pericles, says:

"It was with only a slight shock that I learned that the man who brought me my morning coffee at the legation bore the tremendous name of Themistocles. And yet it is difficult to visualize the modern Athenian with those who once walked his streets.

"Thinking of Homer, of Praxiteles and of Phidias, one looks for Helen, for Hermes and for Athene; but the only Helen I ever saw in Athens was an American girl, married to a member of the cabinet, and whose golden hair, blue eyes and classic features made her at once the reigning hostess in the city. And it is only in the islands or deep in the country where the Albanian flood once swept across the Attic plain has never reached, that one finds the facial lineaments and the bodily grace which the ancient sculptor has taught the modern world as being common to all Greeks of classic time.

"The Attic year is sharply divided climatically into two seasons, the rainy and the dry, the latter beginning late in May and extending to early October, and during which there is no rainfall except a single thunder shower, which comes with great regularity during the second week in August. Outside of Attica climatic conditions are somewhat better. In the islands along the Gulf of Corinth, and in the Morea there is constant greenery—grass, vines and many trees. But for one who spent, as I did, four summers on and in Athens, it is not easy to learn that hills may have a beauty aside from forests, and that colors, contour and form can lend enchantment to the naked rock. It was long before my New England eyes appreciated the wonderful tints which the Athenian sunset throws upon Lycabettus and Hymettu and that I learned that Athens now, as ever, should be hailed as the 'violet-crowned city.'

"Personally, I found the Athenian climate agreeable, and I cannot now recall a single day of my stay there when, even in the rainy season, the sun did not shine at least part of the time. Cold winds there were, to be sure, in winter, blowing down from the snow-capped hills above the town or blowing up from the sea at Phaleron; but there were no frosts; the roses bloomed during every month of the year in the legation gardens; oranges ripened in the open air, and we picked our breakfast fruit from the trees outside of the window, while the palm flourishes there as I have seen it nowhere else, not even in the Riviera. The summer heat is easily endurable, despite a well-nigh constant temperature of nearly 100

"Socially, too, the Athenian year divides itself with the climate. At the end of the rainy season the court, the diplomatic body and the rich flee away, the latter going, as they say, 'to Europe'; and to take their places there flock to Athens and to the seaside hotels at Phaleron and to villas and resorts at Kephisia-in-the-hills numbers of rich Greeks from Asia Minor and from Egypt; and the whole city reverses the order of its winter life, turning night into day and spending most of the hours between sunset and sunrise out-of-doors.

"Athenian houses are built to resist heat. The exterior and interior walls are all of thick stone, and, with tightly closed windows, one stays indoors until the afternoon tea, when the level rays of the setting sun permit adventure. Then one strolls or drives, dines wherever the dinner hour may find him, and invariably out of doors, journeys by tram to Phaleron for the bathing and the music, or seeks the cool garden of the Zappeion to see the "movies," or goes to Alyssida for dinner and the vaudeville, and never loses caste by returning home as late as two o'clock in the morning.

Athens Dines in the Open.

"Everywhere about the town, on the roofs of clubs or hotels, in the gardens or on the terraces of restaurants, beneath the pepper trees of the parks, and even in the streets tables are spread, and I venture to say that more than 100,000 people dine in the open air each night of an Athenian summer. Greek cooking is more oriental than indigenous. Lamb or kid, with chicken—which has always seemed to me to be the national bird of all Europe—are the principal meats, though from the shores of Eleusis come delicious wild duck, and other game birds are found near by, while pilau, a Turkish dish of rice with chicken or lamb, and giaourti, the Bulgarian ferment of milk, are standards in every Hellenic bill of fare.

"With the renewal of the rains the brown fields and hillsides quickly clothe themselves in green. The royal family returns from its "cure," the diplomats come back from leave, the great houses of the city open, and the winter season begins.

"Entertaining in Athens travels a somewhat narrow circle. State dinners at the palaces, reciprocal entertainments at the legations, few receptions, and still fewer dinners at Greek houses form the backbone of the winter's enjoyment. Greeks rarely invite a stranger to their board, although among themselves exists a society which the foreign colony knows of chiefly by rumor.

"There is much conversation in Athenian salons, and always of a high order. In no capital of Europe, I believe, can be found a more cultured society, and in no drawing room that I have known does conversation flow so smoothly and at such a high level. Art, politics and the drama are all well known in Athens, and the Greeks are such accomplished linguists that any foreigner may use his own speech without hesitation. French, of course, is the prevailing foreign tongue, with English pressing it hard for first place."

Blucher in the Hospital.

At the time of the seven years war there was very little knowledge of surgery, and the surgeons were often no more than barbers, inexperienced and uneducated. They were commonly known as the "Company of Pain," a name that fitted them admirably. Lieutenant Blucher, afterward the famous field marshal, was wounded in the foot by a musket ball. At the hospital to which he was carried several surgeons began to probe the wound and cut promiscuously in its vicinity. Finally Blucher inquired, in spite of the pain, "What sort of tailoring are you trying to do? The wound is large enough already, I should think!" "We're looking for the bullet," answered one of the offended surgeons. "Oh! Oh!" cried Blucher angrily. "Why didn't you tell me that before? I have it in my pocket." And with that he drew from his pocket the bullet, which he had extracted from the wound himself.

Optimistic Thought.

While not making the hours less, occupation makes them appear shorter.

A Possibility.

"Strangers in the city need have but little trouble in getting about on the street cars," we declared. "They run frequently and—"

"Eh-yah," returned old Festus Pester, "but perhaps some of the strangers do not come to town for the sole purpose of running frequently."—Kansas City Star.

She Knew the Game.

Mrs. Willis (at the ball game, as the pitcher and catcher hold a conference)—What are they talking about?

Mr. Willis—About what to throw to the next batter.

Mrs. Willis—But they aren't allowed to throw anything to him except the ball, are they?—Puck.

Amusement for Soldiers.

Soldiers at the front in France enjoyed performances of a traveling theater company, financed by a group of philanthropic French people. The entire paraphernalia necessary for these performances was packed in three big wagons which traveled from point to point along the lines in France.

FURS TO THE FORE

Long and very distinctive coats trimmed with fur are an assured vogue for the coming months. This is an economical fashion which permits of much variety. With those who ought to know, the belief stands firm that for the early months of autumn the coat gown will remain in favor, as well it may. But with the coming of the colder days, resource will fall back on this second line of defense, the cloth coat of particular cachet, with always a touch of fur in its composition. And as many are already in process of thinking out the future of their warm wraps and the renovating of fur possessions, it is wise to talk of this subject at this moment.

From a reliable source there hails a report that will be readily credited, of a feeling for "capey" effects at the back. One very stunning coat seen a short while ago illustrated the fact that these tiny capes swung from the shoulders can be very charming. It was developed in brown gabricord and ornamented effectively with rows of coarse machine stitching and bands of skunk. The cape effect was very obvious and took form in a separate loose swing affair, weighted by a deep band of the fur. A collar of the skunk gave a touch of richness to the coat.

Just a word about furs. Reduced in size, as are both neck fitments and muffs, almost more skill than ever will be required to maneuver these new fashions. There was abundant evidence last year of the futility of amateur fingers trying to compose one of those upright collars, the upper edge of which stood right away from the head at the back. For the construction of these the most delicate shaping is exacted, while only a past master in the peltry art is capable of producing the more elaborate of collars, some of which are so ingeniously contrived that they can be rolled down right over the shoulders or rolled upward to close cosily about the throat and incidentally almost envelop the head.

Again, though simpler in general effect, there is probably quite as much, if not more, making in the small melon muff than was exacted by the straight, loose saddle bag flung over a separate bolster foundation. Obviously the decree aimed at is the complete suppression of the mammoth muff. At the same time it is clear even at this early date that the melon shape will have many formidable rivals. Few women are very enamored of the melon in its most extravagantly small and pronounced aspect.

PRETTY VOILE DRESS

Raspberry pink voile is used for the dress shown here. The full skirt is tucked above the hem and is gauged in front at waist.

Bodice and sleeves are trimmed with tucks.

Hat of pink moire, lined black and trimming is of velvet.

Material required; 5½ yards 40-inch voile.

SUITS AND COATS FOR FALL

General Tendency Is to Show Outline of Figure Without Making Garment Tight-Fitting.

A few suit coats are cut knee length, and many trimmed with fur bands are even longer. Jackets all show a fitted tendency above the waistline and nearly all are full and flaring over the hips. The general tendency is to show the outline of the figure without making of coat tight-fitting.

The collars of new suit coats are very high, especially at the sides and back. They are made so that they can be worn open or closed at the throat. Suit skirts are cut on simple lines. A few plaits are used, and many models have a yoke around the hips. Skirts are a little longer.

Separate coats are longer than last year. Sport coats are about knee length. Some are close-fitting above the waistline, others are semi-fitted, while many hang loosely from the shoulders. Frequently a yoke is cut at the shoulders with the lower part of the coat hanging loose and flaring from the yoke.

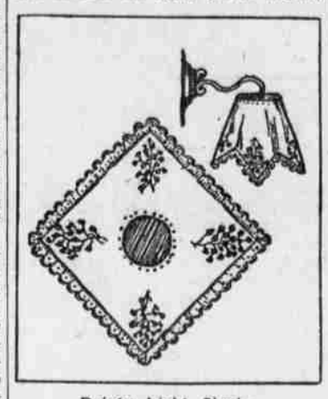
All coats are very full and flaring around the bottom. Cape collars and sailor collars, either long, square or cut in points, are highly favored for separate coats. Other collar ideas are those that softly roll, and military types that stand straight up.

DAINTY SHADES FOR LIGHTS

These Are Easily Made and Are a Great Improvement to Any Room.

Dainty shades for the lights, whether they are electric or gas, make a great improvement to any room.

The shade in the sketch is an excellent one for many reasons; it does not obscure the light, yet it slightly



Dainty Light Shades.

softens it; it will fit on almost any shape of shade and it is simple and inexpensive to make.

Dried sprays of maidenhair fern can be bought ready in packets; they are quite cheap and can be had at any fancy store; they are quite green and look like the fresh fern.

The material that the shade is made of should be transparent, such as net, tulle, or thin ninon, and pieces sufficient will no doubt be found in the piece-bag.

Take a piece of net say 15 inches square, and lay it flat on a table; in each corner put a pretty spray of fern, secure the fern to the net with a few stitches.

Now over this put another square of net and gently sew the edges together.

Round the edges put a little edging of gold or silver gimp, or beads; cut out a circle in the center of the square, the size will depend upon the size of the shade over which it has to fit. Hem neatly well round the edges of the circle, and work some French knots in green silk.

The net of ninon should be very pale cream, white, or a very pale yellow or green are the best colors to use. Nothing could look daintier than these pretty shades, and when the material is at hand the cost is very trivial.

TRIMMING, THE AUTUMN MODE

Trimming, always of paramount importance, is very interesting this autumn and is as varied as the winds. Here are some of its striking phases:

Worth uses ostrich for trimming evening gowns and, of course, many American dressmakers have followed suit.

Brocade is much used for trimming afternoon and evening frocks.

Embroidery in Chinese and Japanese style is much employed, especially for blouses and evening wraps.

Real lace is used again for trimming and will probably grow in favor. We may see a return of Irish lace to the place it held half a dozen years ago.

Wool embroidery is much used on frocks of serge, and silk and bead embroidery are also used.

A good deal of fur is used for trimming. It takes the form of hems and wide bands on the skirt and of buttons and cuffs on the bodice.

Chenille embroidery is almost as much favored as wool embroidery.

Spangled nets and spangle embroidery are used for trimming for evening wear.

Peacock feathers are cleverly used. Their gorgeousness of color and prettiness of design make them particularly suitable for trimming.

Embroidered Corset Bag.

If you desire a convenient place to keep your corset while traveling or visiting you can make one of the very useful corset bags. These are very simple to make and require very little material. To make one, cut two straight pieces of the material and outline a small design in the center of both pieces. Fill this in with solid embroidery or French knots—the latter is much the simpler way—and then sew the pieces togther and hem at the top. Draw together with a cord of the same color. A very effective way would be to embroider the design in a contrasting color.

Choice of Fabrics.

The separate blouse this season offers a wide choice in materials. Georgette crepe heads the list; then there comes crepe de chine, together with lace, net, plain and chenille striped cotton voile, batiste, linen and Japanese silk. Then there are the decorations, hand-wrought open-work stitch, smockings, delicate entre-deux of lace, set in by hand to suggest various scrolls, loops and bow devices. On such stuffs as Georgette, crepe chiffon and ninon there is a marked fancy for embroideries, carried out in a darning stitch with silk, picked out with parti-colored sampler beads. Picot edging buttonhole stitch, small and mammoth pipings, are all in evidence.

Covering for Dress.

Five yards of paper cambric, cut in two strips two and one-half yards long, will make a suit cover; join by selvages; lap over the other two selvages and button down the front. Cut a flap at the top and button over crosswise, envelope shape. Make a small opening at the top, through which the coat-hanger or skirt tapes can pass to hang by. It keeps your suit or light dress from the dust and is too light to crush them.

New Silk Braids.

Many new and narrow mohair and silk braids are to be found in the shops, and among them are the new strips of leatherette that have the gloss of half-shiny rubber. This comes in several widths, and is used for trimming both suits and hats.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of Sunday School Course, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

LESSON FOR OCTOBER 22

PAUL'S DEFENSE BEFORE AGRIPPA.

LESSON TEXT—Acts 26 (vv. 1, 24-32).
GOLDEN TEXT—I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.—Acts 26:19.

It is possible to use the Bible either as a music box or a telephone. We should let it speak the words of the Lord Jesus to us and our pupils. This lesson occurred probably A. D. 59, perhaps in August, the day after last Sunday's lesson. This was the same hall where Agrippa had heard the people calling him a god (Acts 12). Paul, the center of all interest, is chained to his Roman guardians. The prisoner has been vehemently accused as one worthy of death and had appealed to Caesar, but Festus, not being well acquainted with Jewish laws and customs, could not make any definite charge against him before the Roman court. Hence he turns him over to Agrippa, who was well acquainted with matters of Jewish law.

I. Paul, the Preacher (vv. 1-23). This was one of the great occasions in the life of this great man. Paul was preaching to a king and a woman of great influence (a sermon which little changed their lives evidently), and also to the coming ages. This king and queen were wedded to their infamy. God had in mind on that day an audience in comparison with which that which Paul saw faded into oblivion. Notice his argument. (1) He begins with his own experience. In these verses there are over forty personal pronouns. He, himself, was a living fact of the wondrous change which Jesus wrought in the life of a man. Such testimony is the most effective teaching.

Men do not need so much light as they do need heat, and Paul was speaking out of the hot throbs of his personal experience. Paul stood before them a living miracle, an incarnate argument. We might tremble at the doctrine of the resurrection. He knew it was a marvelous thing that God should raise the dead, but that change had been wrought in him which was equivalent to the miracle of raising one from the grave.

Paul's plea was for the Roman as well as the Jew. Considering his personal testimony, he declares that he is a true Jew of the strictest sect (vv. 4-8), and as such he lived in the "hope of the promise" as predicted by Isaiah and Daniel. That promise has been fulfilled in Jesus, the crucified, who rose again from the dead, and Paul adds, "I have seen him, for which hope's sake, King Agrippa, I am accused of the Jews." (2) (vv. 9-15) Paul tells the audience that he, himself, was once a zealous persecutor of the Christians, more so than those who are now persecuting him, "being exceedingly mad against them." He then relates his Damascus journey and the conversation held on the road with the risen Lord. The metaphor of kicking against the pricks seems to be that the more you resist the power that is urging you on, the more painful it will be. It is of no use to resist. (3) Paul shows the aim and purpose of the religion of Jesus. He, the servant, is to be a minister. First of all he had received forgiveness. That forgiveness carried with it responsibility of a twofold nature, (a) to be a minister, literally an assistant, and (b) a witness (martyr), the human side, a witness of the present as well as the things which should happen in the future, as God gave him revelation during his experience. (See II Cor. 4:6; Eph. 1:18.) Second, it turned them from darkness to light, the darkness of ignorance and sin unto him who is the "Light of the World" (John 9:5), and from the power of Satan, the inveterate adversary of God in all that is good (see Eph. 1:21; 6:12; Col. 2:1-15; II Thes. 2:9) unto God.

The gospel Paul preached was to lead men into the kingdom of God that they might receive forgiveness of sins and an inheritance among those who were fitted for that inheritance, who were the sanctified. For this cause the Jews went about to kill him.

II. Agrippa, the Doubter (vv. 24-32). Five ways are suggested as to the reception of Paul's message. The high priest's way was to hate him and oppose. Felix's way was "go thy way this time. When I have a more convenient season I will call." Festus' way (vv. 24-26) was to charge Paul with madness. Much learning (literally, many writings) was turning him mad, making him a lunatic, a dreamer, one who lived in the atmosphere of wild imaginings. Paul's reply was not harsh, "Most noble Festus" (Am. R.) "I am not mad, but speak words of soberness," words of eternal life and spiritual life (of sound sense) that were true and earnest. Paul thereupon appeals to King Agrippa to confirm his statements (v. 2-6). The crazy man is he who lives for this world rather than for eternity. The devil has cheated many a man out of eternal life by the method which Festus followed. He has also cheated many a Christian out of the larger life in the same way. Paul's appeal to Agrippa (vv. 27-29) is very suggestive.

Some people believe that the contents of the prophecies are of no present day value, and some are trying to break their force. Some declare they cannot be true, yet these prophecies are the ones that declare that "Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God." The literal translation of Agrippa's answer is, "In a little thou persuadest me to be a Christian." It is said that Agrippa said this in sarcasm, but, like many another attempted jest, it revealed the real state of the heart.